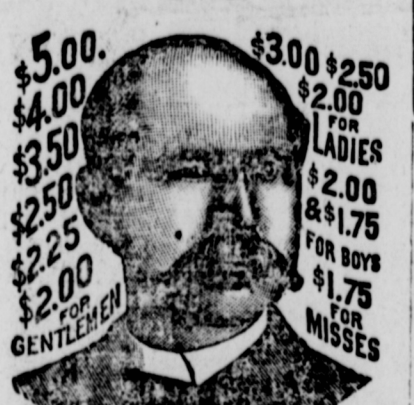


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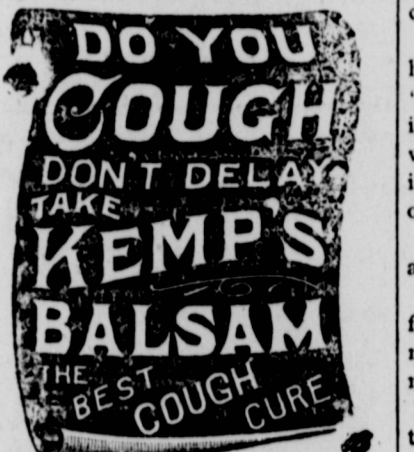
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THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

JO. B. ROGERS, Publisher.

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VOL. V.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893.

NO. 41.

SHORT AND SWEET.

An Engagement that Didn't Stay Broken.

The Girl Learned to Appreciate Her Lover Before It Was Too Late.

[ALBANY TELEGRAM.]

"Are you writing a novel, dear?" asked Kate Laurence of her friend, Connie Luttrell, who had been bending over her writing desk for some time.

"More unfortunate business," said Connie, with a laugh. "I am breaking my engagement to Leigh Summers."

"Poor fellow."

"Oh, I haven't seen him for a year, and I dare say he'll be as glad to get off as I am."

"But, you are not in love with anybody else, are you?" hazarded Kate.

"No, but every woman has a right to change her mind," said Connie, impatiently.

The letter was posted in time and an answer came, pleasantly acquiescing in Kate's decision.

Strange to say, she felt annoyed that Leigh agreed with her so readily. Somehow she felt more worn out than usual when vacation came, so she went to the seashore. Brighton was very gay.

"Summers Leigh is coming to-morrow," said an old friend, Colonel Gordon, whom she met on the beach.

"How odd," said Kate. "I once knew a Leigh Summers."

"It's quite a romantic history. He has inherited a fortune from a maternal uncle, who, being a Leigh, naturally wished the name to be perpetuated. So he has transformed his own appellation, and a splendid young fellow he is."

"Handsomely polished, full of that ease which springs from natural good breeding. I don't know of man—in the rising generation, that is,—who has impressed me more favorably. Do you not agree with me, Miss Luttrell?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Connie.

"I can't remember. It's ages and ages since I have seen him. We were both children then."

"Ah! indeed?" said the colonel.

Things were indeed transposed now. One night, when she was invited to a reception at which Mr. Leigh was expected to attend, Connie's heart throbbed tumultuously.

"My old lover," she said to herself. "My discarded suitor! How strange all this has come about! I wonder what he will say when he meets me!"

Mr. Leigh met his former flame with the utmost calmness, as it happened.

"We are old friends, are we not?" said he. "May I have the honor of your hand for the next dance? It is a waltz I believe."

So the poet was over and Connie was angry at herself for fancying it would be different from any other casual introduction.

"Oh, you fool!" she apostrophized herself in the looking-glass that night.

"Oh, you horrid, mean spirited little idiot! I haven't a particle of patience with you. You ought to be shut up in a convent or thrown down a well or something dreadful."

And then, poor girl, she sat down and cried bitterly.

The vacation went by like a happy, feverish dream. By turns Connie did not know whether she was utterly miserable or unreasonably happy.

She wished herself back a thousand times at Clayham, and yet whenever she thought of leaving Brighton she was overwhelmed with despair.

"What is to be the end of this?" she thought. Of course he will marry Miss Vandeleur. She is rich and beautiful and exactly suited to be his wife. Everybody says so, but—

She turned away with a choking sensation at her heart.

"I," she cried, "I who have always despised lovesick dandies, to think that this should be my fate! But I will go to the ball to-night—my last night here—and then back to the old life."

Miss Vandeleur was there, in pale pink tulle and pearls, and on her finger there sparkled a crescent of diamonds. Connie's heart sank when she saw the ring.

"They are engaged," she thought. "Oh, I knew—I was sure it would be so!"

But after Leigh had danced one gallop with Miss Vandeleur he crossed the room to where Connie was sitting all pale and drooping.

"Miss Luttrell," said he gently, "may I speak to you?"

"He is going to tell me now," thought the girl, with a jump at her heart. "Oh, why does he select me for his confidant?"

But she answered with a shadowy, sickly sort of smile:

"Oh, certainly, of course."

"Connie, you accepted me once and then you rejected me—"

"Y-yes," faltered Connie; "I—that is—I didn't reject you. I thought I had changed my mind, but now—I am sure I love you as much as I ever did."

She spoke the rash, daring words in answer to a sudden light in his eyes; the next instant her hand was clasped tightly in his. Suddenly she withdrew it with a start.

"Miss Vandeleur," she cried; "what will she say?"

"Miss Vandeleur is just affianced to Colonel Graham, my most intimate friend. Connie, there is but one woman in the world whom I shall ever call wife, and that is you! Shall we begin our love life again?"

So they were engaged a second time, and Kate Laurence was bridesmaid.

[HARTFORD'S YOUNG PEOPLE.]

There lived, many years ago, in Ireland, a barrister by the name of Bethel, who was rather proud of his attainments, and who liked to show them off in the writing of pamphlets.

One of these, said by those who have seen it to be anything but valuable, was upon the subject of the union between Ireland and England.

Meeting a witty acquaintance some days after the publication of his pamphlet, Bethel was asked by him why he had not introduced him of its appearance.

"I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the witty acquaintance. "I never saw it until yesterday, and only then by the merest accident."

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Bethel, who was fond of praise, and was anxious to hear what was forthcoming to gratify his vanity.

"How did I like it?" repeated the other. "Why, it contained some of the best things I ever saw in a pamphlet on any subject."

"I am very proud to have you say so," said Bethel—"very proud, indeed. And—what were the things that pleased you so much?"

"Mince-pies," said the other.

"What?" cried Bethel, his face turning purple.

"Mince-pies," repeated the other. "I saw a girl coming out of a pastry shop, and she had three steaming hot mince-pies wrapped up in your pamphlet. They were fine. Did you have mince-pies in all of them?"

Bethel's further remarks are not quoted, but it is to be presumed that he turned on his heel and treated his witty friend with silent contempt ever afterward.

"Any Port in a Storm."

That's a good maxim, but it will not work as a rule in the purchase of a Remedy for Rheumatism. Any of the cheap nostrums will not effect a cure—in fact none of them will. Don't trifle with life and prolong agony. Get Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy, and a speedy cure is certain. One bottle is worth a hundred of anything else, and for that reason it is the cheapest when a cure is wanted. Of druggists, or sent to any address by express. Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.

Mr. Mount, Ex-Confederate, Hails Down the American Flag

[CANNELTON (IND.) ENQUIRER.]

Drawn by unseen agencies the flag sank from sight and a minute later the Hawaiian emblem was hoisted to its place. Not a cheer, scarce a sound accompanied the transformation. —[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH.]

Not a cheer was heard, not joyous shout.

As the flag from its height they lowered; Like an eagle that sinks when its wings are clipped, It sank from where it had soared.

Slowly and sadly they watched it come down. Bright theme of verse and of story, Their hearts were so full they could not speak As they silently hailed down "Old Glory."

The Birds are Petrified, Too.

[ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.]

There are several places in the West—in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah in particular—where large petrified, gorged, or jasperized trees are found. These, as far as I have been informed, are lying down. Not so with the petrified forest of Custer county, Idaho. This forest of stone, according to the discoverer, F. B. Scherhorn, seems to have all been standing at a time when the whole section was overflowed with a stream of plastic clay. This clay settled around the trunks of the forest giants, converting them into stone, leaving the tops sticking out. In the course of time the fumes from the plastic mass, which is of volcanic origin, transformed the limbs to stone also, and now the whole is a standing forest of solid rock.

Wedded Bliss.

[EXCHANGE.]

Most people begin married life hoping and expecting that they will be happy in it. They fancy that marriage has a magic power of conferring happiness almost in spite of themselves, and are quite surprised when experience teaches them that domestic felicity, like everything else worth having, must be worked for. If no two people have it so much in their power to torment each other as husband and wife, it is their bounden duty to guard against this liability by cultivating the habit of domestic politeness. For this reason it is pleasant to see a young wife, or an old one either, for that matter, going to the foot of the stairs or to the hall door, with her husband when he goes to his business in the morning, and welcoming him back in the evening.

The love that never expresses itself in such outward courtesies is in danger of dying of inanition. And the younger husband, on his part, should not leave home in a bad temper or so much engrossed in business that he can not bid his wife an affectionate farewell. An unkind word at parting may make her sad all the day, for business and strange faces do not divert her thoughts as they do those of her husband. Too often the husband takes the loving little courtesies of his wife as a matter of course, and seems to think that they need not be returned. For himself he could scarcely do without the good-bye at his door which fortifies him for the business of the day. Let him appreciate these things before it is too late. Sweet were the words uttered at a meeting and parting before marriage, and there is not the slightest reason why the wedding ceremony should put an end to the courtship.

Lines Dedicated to the Memory of Mrs. Francis Morris.

Dear sister, you have gone So soon after brother,

And left another vacancy In the home of our mother.

We dare not question providence, To understand the cause,

Why God so suddenly, Doth execute his laws.

Which in the garden of Eden Were irreversibly proclaimed,

Because, there sin began Its incessant reign.

Dear sister, how sadly We missed thee at home

For on our arrival, The sad news was borne.

By our sweet niece, Mabel, The dear little one,

For whom so many kindnesses, My sister, you have done.

We found mother crushed Beneath the great weight—

Sister not because you'd Entered the pearly gate.

No, you was her first and Her afflicted daughter,

Had been her solace Through much troubled water.

Said you had taxed your feeble frame Beyond measure

For her comfort in old age, And, also, her pleasure.

Oh, what shall I say of B. Your darling daughter,

She is trying hard to sail O'er the troubled water.

Pleads constantly for Strength from above,

Which God will soon grant For she is a child of his love.

Sorrow on every visage There was revealed, Not because you're roaming The Elysian fields.

But this vacuum in our hearts And old home

It was but natural sister, For us all to mourn.

But oh, sister, can we live Without you here?

"Will only seem so strange, Oh, me, and so dear.

Farewell dear sister, I'll soon Meet thee on high,

Mean while will implore God My tears to dry.

Oh, God! please heal all Our broken hearts

And may we never from Thy precepts depart

Lord look in pity on Our aged mother

And may thy comforting Angel Around her ever hover.

Brothers and sisters, we are Now only eight

And another will soon enter The golden gate.

Oh, blessed Savior who of us May be the one?

May we hear the welcome Plaudit, well done.

And when we all quit Our walks among men,

I trust there will be no less then, Than our number ten.

And may we on that great day, Meet father and mother,

Without the loss of one Dear sister or brother.

M. JANE GILMORE

Abuse of School Houses, Trustees, a Word.

[HOME AND SCHOOL.]

inspects the house between schools, and if he looks it at the end of the term, he turns over the key to the first urchin that asks it, or to the first law-breaker who importunes shelter for his misdeeds.

Every County Superintendent should give his trustees a raking over, fore and aft, for their neglect of this precious piece of property—the district school house. We close with another strong assertion: Not two country school houses in five have a key that can be found.

The Newspapers Get There.

[NATIONAL ADVERTISER.]

The statement attributed to John Wanamaker that he considered a one-inch advertisement in a small country newspaper more effective than one hundred thousand circulars received a remarkable illustration recently when Secretary McDonald, of the Portland, (Me.) Y. M. C. A., stood up at a meeting of the organization and stated that he was curious to know what method of advertising reached the most people. He had circulated several thousand little doggers giving notice of the meeting, and he requested those who had seen them and been moved to come by that means to rise. The hall was packed with people, and of the entire number only fifteen arose. Then Mr. McDonald asked those who had been attracted by notice in the newspaper to stand up, and the vast majority of the audience stood upon its feet.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. 39 1m

Bab's Notion of Charity.

What is charity? That's what the little interrogation point in my heart asks once in awhile. I look in the Bible and it says: "Charity is kind and suffereth much." I look out on the world, and ask, and it says: "Charity giveth largely to subscriptions and has monuments erected to it," and then I come back home and think.

And I remember that the other day I saw a man pick up a lame child and carry it across the street—that was charity.

And I remember that when I was sick somebody came in out of the sunshine and the gladness, and made me happier by reading to me—that was charity.

And I remember once when an unkind word might have hurt a young girl, and it was left unsaid—that was charity.

And I remember that when a word of encouragement would have helped a downcast man, it was given—that was charity.

My friends, charity isn't of necessity the giving of money or the goodness of your own heart and handing over to whomsoever may need it. A heart is funny thing. The more of it you get. That is the reason that kind and lovable and charitable people are called great-hearted. Are you on the list? I hope you are. If you are not then join your hand with mine and see what we can do together, for when the list is presented before the big white throne I want to have written on it in golden letters, the name of Bab.

A Noted Minister.

M. T. Skiff, formerly business manager for W. J. Scanlan, the Irish Comedian, suffered with rheumatism for years without relief until he bought a bottle of Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Two bottles made a well man of him. There are a thousand remedies for rheumatism, but none have received the unsolicited testimonials from prominent people as shown by Drummond's Lightning Remedy. Ask your druggist for it, or send to the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted. 39 2t

Notice.

Any persons having claims against the estate of W. B. Hardisty will present them to me properly proven. Also all persons indebted to said estate will settle at once and save cost. April 17, 1893. H. S. WARD, Ex'r of W. B. Hardisty. 38 3t

SEND twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Field's Washington, containing material of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 17

SAVED FROM A LICKING.

A Young Bootblack Who Knew How to Be Grateful.

It is a common saying that a kind word is never lost. An illustration of the truth occurred one afternoon recently at the corner of Sixteenth and Arapahoe streets. A number of newboys and bootblacks were gathered there, and in the course of their interchange of compliments and discussion as to the state of business affairs in their little world some little unpleasantness occurred. A boy of more than ordinary size for his age, the could not have been more than fourteen) became involved in an angry discussion with one of his fellows, a little bootblack about twelve years old, and it looked as though they would come to blows.

Just at this moment Superintendent I. N. Tooke, of the Helping Hand Institute, chanced to be passing. He was attracted by the angry voices and threatening attitude of the young gladiators, who were being urged to blows by their fellows. Stepping in the midst of the crowd, with a gentle hand and a few timely words, he separated the young disputants and at the same time spoke kindly to them about the unmanliness of a large boy striking one smaller and weaker than himself. The boys dispersed and went their several ways.

The next morning, as he was on his way to his office, he spied the little bootblack at the same corner. As he was passing the boy hailed him, saying:

"Mister, I'd like to black your boots for you. I won't charge you nothin' for it. You saved me from a lickin' last night, and I'd like to come up to your office every day and black 'em up for you."

Mr. Tooke was taken by surprise and questioned the little fellow as to his home and condition in life.

"I ain't got no father or mother. Both dead. I lives with my aunt, but she's drunk pretty near all the time, and I've got to hustle for myself. It's pretty hard sometimes, I tell you. Ain't made much this mornin'. Sometimes I gets pretty hungry and nothin' to eat; then again I have a food day and eat out o' sight."

The kind hearted superintendent took the youngster to his office and gave him an order for a substantial breakfast, which made the boy's eyes fairly dance, and almost every morning he is met by the young polisher of boots, who never fails to solicit the privilege of putting on a gratuitous shine.—Denver Republican.

Shall a Woman Tell Her Age?

One burden falls to the lot of the single woman which is more keenly felt in society than elsewhere. Trivial and foolish as it may seem, few are aware of its extent and reality, and even the most sensible and successful women are sometimes its victims. Public sentiment, especially in cities and unprovincial towns, has outgrown to a considerable extent the ungallant habit of considering a woman responsible for her age. But there still exist plenty of men and women who have a ready word of scorn or reproach for the unmarried single woman whose youth has passed.

On account of this sentiment many women are sensitive, and not without reason, to inquiries about age. They refrain from allusions which might lead to the discovery of a secret only because the curious and rude make such age a matter of ridicule. The only remedy for this discomfort is in the cultivation of a different public sentiment.—Helen M. North in Harper's Bazar.

A Conversation.

A conversation between Dr. McCosh and a friend turned upon theaters and theater going, whose value the learned divine stoutly questioned. His hearer was only partly convinced. "Everything," she insisted, "upon every hand points to the need of amusement." The venerable doctor regarded her quizzically with uplifted eyebrows. "Ah, but," he argued, "can you show me where is pointed out the need of amusements?"—New York Times.

Praiseworthy Efforts.

Mother—You naughty boy! You've been fighting.

Little Son—No, ma.

"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"

"I was tryin' to keep a bad boy from hurtin' a good little boy."

"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"

"Me!"—Exchange.

The Very Best He Had.

A man was traveling lately while afflicted with a bad cough. He annoyed his fellow travelers greatly, till finally one of them remarked in a tone of displeasure:

"Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours!"

"True, sir," replied our friend, "but you will excuse me; it's the best I've got."—Exchange.

The Unknown.

A fresh story of alarming adventure in a newly settled country comes from a well known Indian painter. Some years ago he was traveling in Montana. He went to the breakfast table in a mountain hotel and was waiting for some one to take his order.

Suddenly he felt a jar and then a heavy weight resting on his shoulders. He looked around and found leaning upon and over him a huge, bearded man, in a broad brimmed hat and with two revolvers sticking in his belt.

"Well, old fellow, wha'll ye have?" said the man.

"Who are you?" asked the artist in dismay.

"Me?" said the man. "I'm the waiter."

—Youth's Companion.

Evolution.

Watts—I wonder what becomes of these messenger boys after they grow up?

Potts—Some of them develop into celestial men, I imagine.—Indianapolis Journal.

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The REPUBLICAN
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Glenn & Wedding,
Lawyers
HARTFORD, KY.
(Office over Anderson's Bazaar.)

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

J. W. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893.

Ohio county always comes in for her share of the honor.

It was estimated that the largest crowd in Louisville for many years was there Wednesday and Thursday.

At one of Sam Jones services the other day three thousand women stood to testify their determination to fight the whiskey traffic in the city.

It is not a little queer that everybody who went from Hartford to hear Sam Jones left home condemning him and came back praising him. Sam is truly a man of magnetism if nothing more.

We would call the attention of our readers that while there may be a good deal of wind used in running a newspaper, there is another ingredient called money, it is also quite necessary. Make yourself and the editor feel good by paying up and a year ahead.

The meeting of the National League of Republican Clubs, at Louisville marks an era in the political affairs of the South. It means, if it means anything, that Kentucky and the Solid South are to be made a battle ground for the political parties and not merely "a recruiting ground" for the Democratic party as it has been for a quarter of a century. A few years at most, will surely break the Solid South, and when it is broken the Chinese wall of political ignorance and prejudice that has surrounded so long will crumble away. The fact that the South is solid and boasts it is an obstacle in the way of the development of the fair Southland.

The Big Republican Meeting at Louisville.

On Tuesday the Kentucky Republican League Club met at McCauley's Theater in Louisville with a large and enthusiastic attendance. Quite an interesting meeting was had and the various delegates and members of the National League of the following day were chosen. Col. J. S. R. Wedding, of this city, without solicitation on his part, was made an alternate, which was quite a deserving compliment. The Garfield Republican Club gave a banquet at night at their elegant quarters on Sixth Street. On Wednesday at 10:30 the National League met at McCauley's Theater with representatives present from almost every State and Territory in the Union. President Clarkson called the meeting to order and Col. Andrew Cowan introduced Mayor Taylor who extended the delegates the freedom of the city. President L. J. Crawford spoke on the behalf of the State League of Kentucky and Hon. A. E. Willson on behalf of the Louisville League. All the speeches and especially the last one were received with much applause. President Clarkson delivered a ringing address, outlining present political problems and their solution. The League adjourned for the evening races at Churchill Downs and at night met at Phoenix Hill to enjoy the great musical treat and to listen to the speeches of some of the big guns.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the whole meeting, which adjourned yesterday. It is the most important political gathering held South of the Mason and Dixon line since 1860.

Ice for sale at any time and any quantity, at Williams Bros. tf

Will Adjourn.

FRANKFORT, Ky., May 8.—The House Committee on Rules this afternoon agreed to report to the House to-morrow a resolution providing that the General Assembly adjourn sine die at noon on Tuesday, June 13 next. Some of the members favored adjourning at an earlier date and holding an adjourned session next fall, but June 13 was finally agreed upon unanimously.

As the Senate has repeatedly agreed to adjourning resolutions it is certain that this resolution will be satisfactory to that branch. It may have opposition in the House, but will most likely be adopted.

BEECH FORK.

May 6.—We are having some very bad weather.

We are glad to announce that Robert Bricey, after being confined for some time with a spinal affection, is improving.

Miss Grace Taul, who has been very low for some time, is better.

The storm of April the 30th, did a great deal of damage in this neighborhood, blowing down fences, timber, and even barns. Gabriel Bricey's barn was unroofed, luckily there was nothing in the barn at the time in the way of stock.

It is reported that W. C. Taul lost three hundred dollars by the hurricane. May God give us grace to believe.

The people are becoming discouraged with so much rain. Lay low boys, the time will come for setting tobacco before long, bringing with it all the glory of spring and more sore backs than a few.

Card of Thanks.

To our neighbors and many friends we return our thanks for kindness shown and assistance rendered in our son's last sickness. May the blessings of God ever be with you.

J. W. AND N. J. STEVENS.

WASHINGTON.

The President and Cabinet Officers Returned to the Capital.

If Hon. Charles Foster, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, isn't the proudest man in Ohio he ought to be. Every newspaper reader remembers how the Democratic press took up the charge made by Congressman Springer and other Democratic members of the House, when Mr. Foster's report of the condition at the close of the present fiscal year was submitted to Congress last December. He was charged with purposely juggling the figures in that report so as to make it appear that a surplus of available cash would remain in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year, whereas Mr. Springer and other Democratic know-it-alls were absolutely certain, at least they said they were, and that there would be a deficit, and that Mr. Foster knew it and was trying to hide it. Now Mr. Springer and his associates, as well as the Democratic editors, who rang the silly charges for weeks, should crawl into holes and pull the holes in after them, for it is officially stated by Democratic Treasury officials that the available surplus on June 30, next, the end of the present fiscal year, will be about \$2,700,000, whereas Secretary Foster had estimated last December that it would be \$2,000,000. Mr. Foster should send Congressman Springer a telegram reading: "I told you so, Charles Foster."

When Mr. Cleveland and those members of his cabinet who accompanied him to the World's Fair returned to Washington they found the office-seekers smilingly waiting them, although some of the waiters openly acknowledge that they have reached the "hot and hungry" stage. But as one member of the cabinet remarked, "let them have patience, for that is all that the most of them will get."

"Uncle Jerry" Rusk has gone home and Washington will know him no more, until another Republican President is inaugurated. He will stop a few days at the World's Fair before again resuming his place as a Wisconsin farmer. "Uncle Jerry" carries away with him the good wishes of everybody in Washington. That is something that can be truthfully said of few members of any cabinet; but he deserves all, and more, than can be said in his praise. He never had the "big head," that attacks so many public officials. He left Washington as he entered a plain, honest straightforward man.

There is a condensed sermon on the tariff question contained in the following remarks made in this city by Mr. George Beard, a large iron manufacturer of Glasgow. Said he: "The iron and steel trade of England and Scotland is suffering considerable depression just now, because of over-production. The output has increased faster than the demand. I hope your people will soon repeal the McKinley law, for since it went into effect my house has not sold a dollar's worth of sheet iron or steel in the United States."

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt, who tendered his resignation to Mr. Cleveland two days after his inauguration, has, at Mr. Cleveland's personal request, withdrawn the resignation and consented to keep his present position.

There is a general disposition here to criticize the failure to extend invitations to ex-President Harrison and ex-Vice-President Morton to attend the naval review and the World's Fair. It was certainly a very unusual lack of courtesy on the part of those who sent out the invitations. Secretary Herbert is the guilty man, so far as the naval review is concerned; but there seems to be a doubt as to who is to blame for the failure to invite them to the World's Fair. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland was invited to attend the dedication ceremonies, held at Chicago last September.

Having received about all the "glory" that could be abstracted from his alleged snubbing of the Wall Street Bankers, it is now stated that Secretary Carlisle has not only promised to go to New York, if another hurry occurs, to confer with the aforesaid Wall Street Bankers, but also to pay them for the use of any gold he may find it necessary to borrow from them. Verily, this administration is a queer compound; but so is the party that put it in office.

Protection and Prices.

If the question is asked, why articles are cheaper under protection, the answer is a plain one. Price is governed by the law of demand and supply. If the demand increases and the supply remains the same, the prices go up. If the demand remains the same the prices go down.

The old policy of the British Government when it controlled our trade was clearly outlined in an article on "Trade," published in London, as follows: Manufactures of our American colonies should be discouraged and prohibited. We ought always to keep a watchful eye on our colonies to prevent them from setting up any of the manufactures which are carried on in Great Britain, and any such attempts should be crushed in the beginning. It is proposed that they be prohibited from manufacturing hats, stockings or leather of any kind, or weaving either woolen, or spinning or combing wool, or working in any manufactures of iron further than making it into pig iron.

In a speech made in the House of Commons, Mr. Broghman declared "it was well worth while to incur a loss upon the first exportations in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those infant manufactures in the United States which the war had en-

forced into existence contrary to the natural order of things." The advice was followed and the articles were thrown on our market in a perfect deluge. Our manufactures went down like grain before the mower, and in New York the principal merchants united in a memorial Congress to save our commerce as well as our manufactures from utter ruin by increasing the Tariff. It was increased and our manufactures were protected against this danger of being forced to sell at cost until they were ruined, since the foreign manufactures could not pay the high duty and sell at cost. Competition was thus established.

In a speech made in the United States Senate in 1832, Mr. Clay said: "By Competition the total amount of the supply is increased, and by the increase of the supply a competition in the sale ensues, and this enables the consumer to buy at lower rates. Of all powers operating on the affairs of mankind, none is greater than that of competition. By the American system this vast power has been excited in America and brought into being to act in co-operation and collision with European industry."

A great number of factories and mills were then built under protection that would have been crushed under free trade. The supply of the articles increased in America, and the increase in the supply after the Tariff was imposed, the demand being the same, put the price down to the American consumer.

In June, 1890, the price of steel rails in London was \$30 a ton, and at the same time the price was \$30 a ton in New York under the high Tariff. The Free-trader then puts the question, why not repeal the duty on rails? The answer is that the opponents of the American system have repealed the Tariff three times in the history of this country. The country was again and again deluged with goods, and the American mills were ruined. The number of factories decreased, and as soon as the foreigners got control of our markets they put the price of all articles up. The price of iron rails in 1846 was \$50 a ton. The duty was repealed, and the English manufactures at once put the price down to \$40 a ton and the American mills were ruined. As soon as the foreign manufactures got control of our markets by importing and selling at cost until their American rivals were broken up, they again advanced the price of the foreign rails from \$40 to \$60 and then to \$80 a ton.

In December, 1890, in an address delivered before the Reform Club in Boston, Mass., the Hon. Roger Q. Mills said: "We can now manufacture in nine months all the goods we can consume in twelve." It is an admission that the increase in the supply of articles is 22 per cent greater than the supply. In the infancy of our manufactures hundreds of our laborers were employed in our mills and thousands of dollars invested. But now thousands of laborers are employed and millions of dollars invested. In infancy the price of articles was nearer the maximum; now it is the minimum. If the Tariff was repealed now and the country flooded by the foreign surplus of manufactured articles, it would be overproduction. Thousands of laborers would be thrown out of employment and millions of dollars belost in the wreck of our manufactures. The danger of being forced to manufacture and sell at cost is greater when the price is the minimum, and the need of protection at that time is greater than at any other.

A Villain Punished.

[LOUISVILLE POST MAY 8.] Caryle W. Harris took his seat in the electrical chair at Sing Sing prison to-day and paid the death penalty for the murder of his young wife, Helen Potts Harris.

This case has attracted more attention than it merited. Harris, though a man of some education, was not remarkable in any way save for an apparent lack of conscience and feeling. The moral element was strikingly absent from his mental constitution. Harris was a dandified fellow and something of an adventurer. He met Helen Potts, a schoolgirl, at a ball which they both attended, and became her lover. He never displayed any great passion for her until his trial for her murder began. Whether their relations were entirely proper or not was not brought out, but it was established that they had been secretly married. This seemed to be all that Harris desired, for in a short time after the marriage he began to neglect the girl. Finally it became apparent that she would in a short time become a mother, and that the relationship of the couple could no longer be concealed.

Then Harris proposed a criminal operation to his wife. She consented finally, after stipulating that a girl friend should be informed of the marriage. The operation was performed and the secret of the marriage was preserved for some time longer. Then the fact became known, and Helen's mother insisted upon having the ceremony re-performed in public. Harris demurred on one pretext or another, had Helen sent back to school, and evinced the utmost indifference for his young wife and her reputation.

The girl's mother became more importunate and at last Harris had a prescription filled for Helen. It called for capsules of quinine and morphine in ordinary doses, but after taking several of them according to his directions the poor girl was taken suddenly ill and died, evidently of morphine poisoning.

There is very little room to doubt Harris' guilt. He was made a hero and a martyr by the inevitable senti-

mental idiots who are responsible for so much of the failure of justice. On the face of the testimony against him he appears to have been a cold-blooded, thoroughly selfish criminal. If, having satisfied his desire he speedily tired of the poor girl who loved and trusted him and was willing to sacrifice life and honor for him. It is pretty clear that he deliberately resolved to get rid of her by murdering her, and afterward he attempted to avert suspicion from himself by claiming that she was a confirmed morphine eater. There was no evidence, however, to sustain this assertion.

He even refused to allow her to be buried as his wife, though afterward he professed to have loved her dearly.

Harris was shown to have been incapable of loving anybody but himself and his death removes a villain who had no excuse for his conduct, and as to whose guilt there was scarcely the shadow of a doubt.

KENTUCKY PRESS POINTS

As Seen and Reported by Various Kentucky Editors.

EDITOR AND THE WEDDING FEAST.

Estill Eagle.—The table was beautifully decorated, and as the glad-some sight burst upon our enchanted vision, we hugged our lucky self and was glad to be alive. Oh, ye editors, who sit in your solitary sanctum brooding over the ingratitude of a heartless world, what will cause you to forget the grave responsibilities of life, and lay aside our cares so completely, for a season of enjoyment as the good eatables and genuine good cheer which prevail at a country wedding feast! To use an old expression, "the table fairly groaned under its weight of good things," but it found in the crowd which gathered about it ready sympathizers, who seemed willing to do all they could to lighten the burden.

THE SPRING SEASON OPENS.

Lexington Gazette.—A truthful friend vouches for the following, which he says happened under his own eyes: A woman in an adjoining lot was milking a cow in full view of where he sat on his porch. She had given the cow some corn to eat which she munched composedly, scattering some grains on the ground. Two handsome cats sat quietly by intent on the process of milking. After the milking was finished, a generous quantity of milk was poured into a tin pan and the cats drank their fill. As soon as they were satisfied both went through a fence into an adjoining enclosure and proceeded to round up a number of hens and chickens and drove them through the fence to where the cow had scattered the corn. These feline friends then laid down and guarded the chickens till they had eaten the corn, when they got up and followed the milkmaid in the house.

A LONG SPEECH.

Louisville Commercial.—Mr. J. C. Carter spoke in all forty hours in opening the case of this country before the Behring Sea Commission, and he spoke so well that the President of the tribunal said: "I can not refrain from thanking you, sir, for this magnificent speech, which has been characterized by a loftiness of view well worthy of this high court." That eminent British organ, the New York Times, however, decided before Mr. Carter got nearly through his speech that this country has no case.

LEGISLATURE AND THE RACES.

Frankfort Capital.—It is the common lot of man to walk home from the races, and the members of the Legislature who went to Lexington furnish no exception to the rule. An accident at a point four miles from this city delaying their train until a late hour, many of them walked home. For their sakes we decline to publish the stories told by them of the perils of the wreck, as they might be printed by their home papers. It is enough to state that they were slightly demoralized. The accident, while not very serious, interrupted travel to a considerable extent yesterday, but the road will be clear to-day.

WELCOME TO KENTUCKY.

Louisville Post.—The advance guard of the great Republican gathering is with us. Louisville gives them its cordial greeting and makes them welcome within her borders. There is no politics with our hospitality, and in the name of Kentucky we bid these gentlemen to possess the town, and if they so desire to paint her a vermillion hue. This convention will contain a large number of brilliant and distinguished men. Men who have helped make this country what it is—the greatest and freest on earth. Tariff, Finance and Force Bills are hidden away. They have come to see this city and this State, and we wish for them bright skies, a delightful meeting and beg of them a kindly remembrance when they depart.

PLEASANT HILL.

There is not much news from this corner of the country, but will give you the latest happenings of this neighborhood.

Miss Ollie Smith, of Tenn., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Williams. She will remain for some time in this vicinity. We wish her a pleasant stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ramsey were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Leach last Saturday and Sunday.

We have an interesting Sunday school at this place. May it do much good, is the wish of your humble scribe.

The E. C. Hubbard Republican Club met pursuant to the call and re-organized and elected delegates to the Louisville Convention. S. L. Stevens and J. B. Rogers were elected delegates.

TYLER'S HOLDOVER CABINET.

Daniel Webster's Speech and the Reply of the Senate to the President.

I had quite a chat some time ago with General John Tyler, the son and private secretary of President Tyler. Said he: "When my father succeeded to the presidency, he continued President Harrison's cabinet in office until he found that they were working against him. His first cabinet meeting was held on the day succeeding the death of President Harrison, and it was perhaps the most remarkable cabinet meeting in history."

"When all the members were present and the doors were closed, Daniel Webster, the secretary of state, arose and addressed my father, saying: 'Mr. President, I suppose you intend to carry out the ideas and customs of your predecessor and that this administration inaugurated by President William Harrison will continue in the same line of policy on which it has begun. Am I right?' 'My father, much astonished, nodded his head almost involuntarily and looked at Mr. Webster with wonder. Daniel Webster straightened himself up at this and continued:—"

"Mr. President, it was the custom in our cabinet meetings of President Harrison that the president should preside over them. All measures relating to the administration were to be brought before the cabinet, and their settlement was to be decided by the majority of votes, each member of the cabinet and the president having but one vote."

"My father was always courteous, but he was also firm. He rose to his feet and looking about the cabinet room he said: 'Gentlemen, I am very proud to have in my cabinet such able statesmen as you have moved yourselves to be. I shall be pleased to avail myself of your counsel and advice, but I can never consent to being dictated to as to what I shall or shall not do. I am the president, and I shall be held responsible for my administration. I hope I shall have your hearty co-operation in carrying out its measures. So long as you see fit to do this I shall be glad to have you with me. When you think otherwise, I will be equally glad to get your resignation.'"

"This," concluded General Tyler, "settled the question, and there was no further trouble as to who was the head of the cabinet."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Suggestion For Dancing Parties.

The wits of hostesses are becoming more strained than ever in finding gentleman capable of dancing to attend their parties. Ladies nimble and graceful are in abundance, but on the part of men the art of dancing seems to be a vanishing quantity. A lady writes suggesting the organization of an agency similar to those existing in Paris and Berlin, where suitable dancing men could be hired for the occasion. The hired guests would appear at the time appointed armed with guarantees of respectability and fitness for their occupation, be allotted to their duties for the evening and leave at a proper hour, conscious of having done a good night's work and honestly earned a day's pay. Imagine how half a dozen to a dozen dancing men would brighten up a languishing dance! Wanted to dance every item on the programme and to give not more than three dances to any young lady, they would infuse a tremendous amount of spirit into the proceedings.—Dancing.

The Words of Children.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, I am to be cremated tomorrow," exclaimed a small boy joyously on his arrival home from school one afternoon. "Now, does the child mean cremated or promoted?" said the aunt to a visitor who was present. "It is what Alice in Wonderland would call a portmanteau word," said her companion, "but it is not so bad as something my little son said the other day. He announced to every one in the house that his baby sister was to be 'crucified' the following Sunday. Of course he meant 'christened.'"—New York Tribune.

"It will do it!" "I will do it!" protested a member of the family that had long been afflicted with a case of consumption. Reference was had to Dr. Fennell's Golden Relief. Doubt had been expressed that it would cure consumption. The protesting member had witnessed the invalid, the frequent visits of the Doctor, and had accompanied the "tripe South." Had noticed the "hettie quah," the "nervous irritation," the "constant cough" the "profuse expectoration."

He had also seen the discontinuance of all these—the administration of Dr. Fennell's Golden Relief, followed by the restoration to perfect health, and he knew the Golden Relief was what had done it. He was "honest and fearless" enough to "tell the truth." Cures also scrofula, bronchitis, colic, dysentery, bruises, burns, cuts and all sores—in fact, inflammation in any form or place from a corn to a consumption. No inflammation no corn, no inflammation no consumption. One tablespoonful dose cures La Grippe. Never disappoints. If satisfaction not given, money refunded. Takes a bottle home to-day.

Statement of the Condition

OF THE

BANK OF HARTFORD

At the Close of Business, January 7, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Bills discounted.....\$70,911.82
Real estate..... 8,000.00
Furniture and fixtures..... 1,000.00
Bonds and Bank Stock..... 1,341.67
Debits in suit..... 743.54
Cash on hand..... 14,117.78
Cash in other Banks..... 17,280.68

\$108,395.49

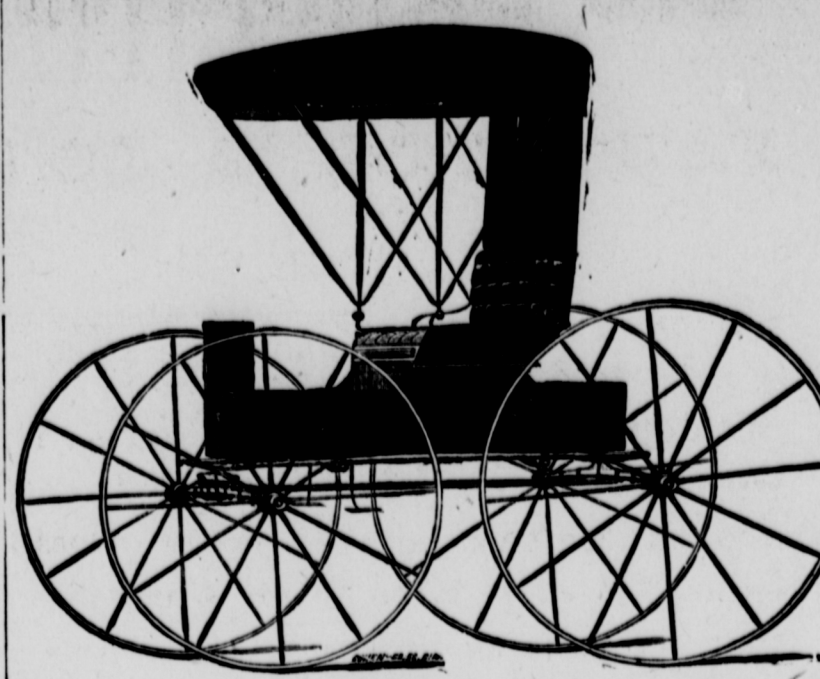
LIABILITIES.

Capital stock.....\$30,000.00
Deposits..... 72,486.85
Dividends unpaid..... 1,144.00
Due other Banks..... 4.30
Discount and Exchange..... 413.61
Undivided Profits..... 4,346.73

\$108,395.49

A dividend of \$4.00 per share is now due and payable on demand.
S. K. COX, PRESIDENT.

WE RECEIVED LAST WEEK A



Car—of the Celebrated Parry Buggies and SPRING WAGONS & CARTS,

Which we place on the market, feeling assured that we can meet the wants of the trade in STYLE and DURABILITY for very low prices. We invite your closest inspection of these Goods when in need of a nice Buggy and Harness. We will positively save you money on any kind of vehicles.

TAYLOR & CO.

Beaver Dam, Ky.

It Tastes Good

One reason why Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion

FIRE! FIRE!

Some people say there will be great danger of fire this summer. I believe it. My Stock is Immense.

I MUST CLOSE IT OUT AT ONCE. FIRE, OH, FIRE!

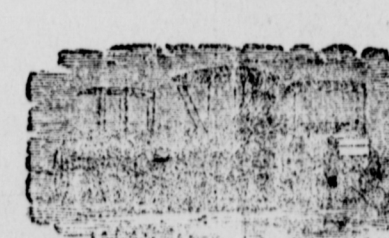
I beg you not to come until I dispose of my goods. The rush is great, and you should be in it.

Call and be Convinced that

I sell Groceries cheaper than anybody in the county. You have only to see my stock to purchase your supplies. I MUST close out. Call and get bargains. Resp'y,
A. D. WHITE.

Come to Hartford

—TO SEE THE—



SPRING OPENING

C. L. Field's car of Buggies just from the Davis Carriage Company.

He will save you MONEY by Buying from HIM. Will sell you a Buggy, Harness, Lap Duster and Whip for \$60.00 up to \$75.00. The Davis Carriage Company has the reputation of building the best Buggy for the money of any Factory in Cincinnati.

So come and judge for yourself.

